

THE JOURNAL.
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THE WEATHER.

Official forecasts for to-day indicate that the weather will be cloudy, with snow in northern portions of the State; much colder Friday night; southwesterly winds.

The snuffing out of Ahlwardt is a proof that this is a liberal and fair-minded nation.

The Northwest is shivering in a cold wave which has submerged the 35 below zero mark.

From Alfred the First to Alfred the Second in English verse a great fall may be reckoned.

One of the cheering features of the New Year's season is the tide of gold returning from Europe.

Five great cities are after the Democratic National Convention, but New York is bound to get it.

The Chamber of Commerce's resolution about tall buildings is likely to make a stir in this city.

Governor Morton says his friends are talking for him just now. They certainly are talking a great deal.

With a feud on between the Mayor and Teddy, the wheels of reform will move with more difficulty than ever.

The enterprising insurgents in Cuba are crawling up toward Havana again. They will get their recognition yet.

The British lion would better let the Boers alone. His august tail is still sore from the twisting they once gave it.

The Raines bill does not touch the "Sunday question." Raines is cunning, but his exchequer is destined to meet snags.

Mr. Gladstone says that common sense alone is needed to settle the Venezuela difficulty. Our new Commission is full of it.

Mayor Strong is putting into his annual message a little thunder and lightning directed against the projectors of the blue law persecution.

Mayor Wurster has taken charge of the affairs of Brooklyn, but is going to be deliberate in choosing the members of the board.

Out in Detroit they talk of having night rapid transit tickets for a quarter. If Mr. George Gould reads this he will soften his heart at once. Oh, certainly!

Governor Bradley's friends in Kentucky are working determinedly to get him a place on the Republican national ticket. But he says that he has achieved the crowning ambition of his life.

WORKING FOR PEACE.

With the appointment of the Venezuela Commission, the controversy between the country and England enters upon a calmer phase. Both nations have every reason to be satisfied with the high character of the appointees. The Commission politically is composed of two Democrats, two Republicans and one Independent. David J. Brewer, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, is well and wisely known as a jurist of high character and attainment. In Judge Alvey, the Chief Justice of the Court of Appeals of the District of Columbia, the Commission will have the services of a careful student of Spanish history and literature, and an expert in determining the value of evidence. The State of New York is honored by the appointment of two of her most distinguished citizens, the veteran and celebrated international lawyer, Frederic R. Wood, and ex-President Andrew D. White, of Cornell University, famous both as a diplomat and a man of letters. Daniel C. Gilman, of Maryland, the fifth appointee, is the brilliant and accomplished president of that notable Baltimore institution, the Johns Hopkins University, and is the author of a biography of President James Monroe, the proclaimer of the doctrine of resistance to further European aggressions upon this continent. To such a tribunal all Europe will look with respect, and it is noteworthy that there is a distinct modification of English resentment at the idea of an examining American commission now that its impartial and exalted character is disclosed.

When the labors of the Commissioners are finished the United States will doubtless be in possession of all the facts necessary for a clear understanding of the Venezuelan boundary question, and it is not too much to say that the English public will be considerably wiser on the subject than it is at present. We have faith enough in the conscience and honesty of the great mass of Englishmen to believe that if, some months hence, a dispassionate report is presented by our Commissioners, even if it should prove unfavorable to the contention of the English Foreign Office, and although it will not be recognized officially by that in-

stitution, a great current of opinion might compel Lord Salisbury or his successor to accept the situation, and finally to agree to that arbitration which England now so emphatically refuses.

As thunder storms clear the air, so the explosion of national sentiment after Salisbury's reply has paved the way for a more perfect understanding between America and England. Meantime such meetings as that held by the Chamber of Commerce of this city yesterday will go far to assure England that Americans sincerely desire peace, and would enter upon war only when convinced that it is the sole means of maintaining a historic principle. The Chamber of Commerce perhaps went a little too far in blaming the President for the disturbance of business by his warlike proclamation; but at the same time it affirms, through the medium of one of its most prominent members, that if necessity arises for upholding the honor of the nation it will not hesitate at any sacrifice of blood and treasure. That so representative a body as the Chamber of Commerce should have seen fit to throw its influence in favor of arbitration, and to scout the idea that a resort to force will be necessary, ought to satisfy the world that America is ready to make any honorable sacrifice for peace, and means that nothing but peace shall be the outcome of the appointment of her Venezuela Commission.

The hard money men in Congress are making many concessions on the bond measure with a faint hope that they can save the revenue bill. They realize that the bond bill must die, but many think that the revenue measure may yet take such a shape that the President will sign it. Chairman Dingley, however, has given up all hope. He is convinced that President Cleveland will veto the bill. And so all these so-called "relief measures" will prove of no avail to the country.

LOOK OUT FOR MORTON.

The definite announcement of Governor Morton's candidacy for the Republican nomination for President adds a new element of formidable power and striking interest to the party problem which the National Convention will be called upon to settle next June. It is plain notice to Messrs. Reed, McKinley, Harrison and Allison that there is yet another warrior in the field who is able to do battle with the best of them for the coveted prize of party leadership. It is moreover an unmistakable warning that any candidate from any State who attempts to make a combination of delegates and interests without taking into consideration the strength of the Sage of Ellerslie will commit the prize blunder of his political career.

From the Republican standpoint the strength of Mr. Morton's candidacy is undeniable. He is identified with and is the official beneficiary of one of the greatest triumphs his party has achieved in the Empire State. He is at the head of the most compact and aggressive Republican organizations ever formed in this Commonwealth, and he will be presented to the St. Louis Convention as the man with whom the party would have a better chance of holding New York in the Republican column next November than with any other. Added to this will be the argument of his record as Vice-President, his conservatism on great questions of finance and public policy, his spotless record as a citizen and gentleman, and his discreet administration as Governor. These are all in his favor, and will be elements of positive strength to his candidacy.

The Governor's age is the one objection to his ambition. He has reached the period when the average American finds solace in freedom from all cares of business and politics and pleasure in contemplating the visible results of a useful life. The age objection, however, is relative and not absolute. Older men than the Governor have remained in the public service with honor to themselves and distinguished usefulness to their countrymen.

But is Mr. Morton sure of his men? Is Mr. Platt sincere, or will he attempt to use the Governor as a carrier to deliver the New York delegation to Reed as per agreement? Is Warner Miller proof against a temptation to betray his chief in return for second place on a ticket with Allison, of Iowa, or Harrison, of Indiana, at the head? Would Frank Hancock be virtuous enough to resent an offer of the nomination for Vice-President on a McKinley ticket in exchange for the support of the Empire State? And Mr. Depew, our own perennial and uncanonized "Peach"—could he be depended upon to resist a sudden tidal wave of convention sentimentalism that might sweep him to the front and nominate him in spite of himself, as Garfield, the trusted leader of John Sherman's forces, was nominated at Chicago in 1867?

These contingencies are all to be considered by the Governor. He knows the quicksands and the pitfalls and the infidelities of politics and conventions as well as the next man, and no leader of his shrewdness, after being shelved as he was in 1892, when his renomination should logically have followed Mr. Harrison's, will enter into another contest without making due allowance

for the chances of desertion and betrayal.

There is some criticism of the appointment of Associate Justice Brewer to the Venezuela Commission, because no less than three Constitutional questions are now pending before the Supreme Court, all of which, according to precedent, require a full bench.

NOT A "LITTLE STRIP."

Mr. Carl Schurz, in his speech before the Chamber of Commerce yesterday, alluded to the disputed territory in Venezuela as a "little strip." It is surprising that a speaker usually so conscientious and correct should have been led into such an error of statement. The territory claimed by Great Britain in Venezuela is about 100,000 square miles; an area, to quote from Professor John Bach McMaster, "as large as Nevada, and exceeded by no States in the Union save Texas, California and Montana; an area ninety times as large as Rhode Island, fifty-four times as large as Delaware, thirteen times as large as Massachusetts, and forty thousand square miles larger than the six New England States."

The area of the British Isles is something over 120,000 square miles. This is but 11,000 square miles more than the "little strip" which Mr. Carl Schurz dismisses so contemptuously as unworthy of notice.

Stick to facts, Mr. Schurz!

The Hudson is open again, and the ice barons are beginning to chuckle as they speculate on huge prices for ice next Summer.

CUBA'S DAY IS COMING.

The Journal's graphic dispatches and letters from Cuba afford the first distinct and lucid outline of the plan of campaign along which the patriot leaders are conducting their military operations. They have also presented a better understanding than has been otherwise provided of the extraordinary skill with which the revolutionary forces have been handled.

Among unthinking friends of the Cuban cause there has been not a little disappointment over the fact that the struggle so far has not been characterized by any general fighting or by any great battle. These persons utterly fail to grasp the real purpose and method of the insurgent campaign.

In a purely military contest the revolutionists would be able to offer only a feeble resistance to the forces of Spain, the latter outnumbering them six to one, and possessing all the advantages of superior equipment, sharper discipline and better maintenance. With a degree of self-restraint, therefore, and with a clearness of foresight which amounts to real military genius, the patriot leaders have made their fight a waiting campaign, giving battle only when it has been necessary, and aiming their heaviest blows at the destruction of Spain's revenues rather than at the lives of Spanish soldiers.

The way to Cuban independence lies through the prostration of the industries by which Spain has fattened on the earnings of Cuban labor. General Gomez fully understands this, and so does General Maceo, and they have therefore carried destruction to the plantations from which Spain has derived its oppressive revenues. The result is that the industries of the island are prostrate, the crops are a failure, the development of resources is checked, and the yearly tribute of \$60,000,000 which Spain exacts from Cuba is uncollected and uncollectable.

The loss of this enormous income and the vast expense which Spain has incurred in her futile efforts to suppress the rebellion are the wedges which promise to overthrow Spanish misrule in Cuba.

A huge co-operative factory, in which the locked-out tailors would work on shares, would give the "sweaters" a very lively and much needed lesson.

The President's Secretary should cultivate a little more frankness with the Washington representatives of the press of the country. As purveyor of official news he conspicuously neglected them on the occasion of the appointment of the Venezuelan Commission. After specifically denying that any information would be given on the subject Wednesday evening, out came the appointments at a late hour, and not a single special correspondent in Washington was notified.

Senator Sherman's resolution providing that legal tender notes hereafter redeemed by the Treasury shall not be released, except in exchange for actual deposits of gold coin or bullion, is precisely the expedient suggested some days ago by the Journal as a remedial measure. It embodies a practical and satisfactory compromise between those who demand the entire abolishment of the greenbacks on one hand and those who oppose any such policy on the other. It is morally certain that no measure providing for the absolute extinction of the greenback currency can get through the present Congress, but here is a proposition which, if adopted, would prevent the legal tenders from being used to exhaust the gold reserve, and still preserve the element of elasticity in the volume of paper circulated by rendering it possible to draw the greenbacks into use just as business and the gold supply demanded it. The method suggested by the Journal and approved by so able a financier as John Sherman is worthy of serious consideration at the hands of Congress.

SHE SCARED THE THIEF.

Mrs. Margaret Morrissey Espied Him Entering Her Apartment and Feigned Sleep.

The Intruder, Feeling Safe, Passed into the Saloon in Front to Steal.

LOCKED THE WINDOW AND WAITED. Her Son Ran for an Officer, and When the Thief Returned She Held Him by Her Command—Was Soon Arrested.

Burglaries in this city have reached such a stage that a woman involuntarily passing over the Police Department every morning when the newspapers are scanned, and consequently when the officials at Police Headquarters heard yesterday a burglary had been committed at No. 312 East Thirty-ninth street, and that Mrs. Margaret Morrissey, the mistress of the house, had captured the thief on her own hook, they breathed only one more.

Mrs. Morrissey is a matronly looking woman, possessed of an abundance of pluck. She has her sleeping apartments back of the saloon, No. 312 East Thirty-ninth street. She sleeps soundly, but she says she can be awakened when anything unusual happens. The occasion when her slumbers are wont to be disturbed presented itself between Wednesday night and early yesterday morning, when she heard the back window raised. She saw a man crawl into the room through the window, but she never uttered a word.

SHE RECOGNIZED THE THIEF. She is not over 4 feet 6 inches tall. She recognized the burglar as James Hannigan, twenty years old, No. 323 East Thirty-ninth street, and a patron of the saloon.

The burglar passed over her and breathed into her face. She feigned sleep, and appearing satisfied he passed on into the saloon. If Hannigan had been posted he would have known that no money was ever kept in the cash register over night.

While he was in the saloon rummaging around, Mrs. Morrissey jumped out of bed, and locked the back window through which the thief had entered. Then she called to her son, a school-boy of twelve, who wanted to go in and grapple with the burglar. She wouldn't permit this, but told him to run for a policeman.

While the son was out, Hannigan, who had heard the conversation, made a rush for the back window, but was stopped by Mrs. Morrissey.

THOUGHT SHE HAD A PISTOL. "Stay where you are!" said the woman, "or you'll get into trouble."

She had no weapon of any kind. Hannigan stopped as if mesmerized. In a few moments Thomas Morrissey arrived with a policeman and Hannigan was placed under arrest.

Hannigan was arraigned before Magistrate Mott yesterday. Mrs. Morrissey said she believed Hannigan was intoxicated and refused to make a complaint against him, but the Magistrate insisted upon holding him for burglary to await the action of the Grand Jury.

Wish With Me?

A strange and a quaint old saying,
From a country across the sea,
In an idle, aimless straying,
Finds its way at the last to me:
"Far down in a vine clad valley,
Sturdy, full-haired peasants dwell,
Who live in a swelling land,
At sound of the midnight bell,
Which tolls, when the old year dries,
Fades feebly away from earth;
Then rings in a gladsome crying,
His pay for the new year's birth.
And he who does not hear its pealing,
May wish for his friend or foe
A blessing or curse—swift stealing
'Twill fall ere the twelfth month flow."

I pause in my foolish musing;
If we twain, you heart and I,
A blessing might gain—thus choosing,
Fate surely will not deny.
So watch for the midnight ringing,
Oh, comrades, and wish with me,
That the new year's peace be bringing
For us both across life's sea.

ESTA GARNETT.

More or Less in the Public Eye.

Mme. Modjeska. In a note volunteering her services to a performance in Boston for the benefit of the relief fund, she says: "In doing this, I cherish the hope that the same generous spirit awakened toward the Armenians will not forget my own nation, which has endured a century of sufferings and persecutions equally cruel."

It is claimed in behalf of Dr. Samuel G. Dixon, who has just been elected president of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences, that he really anticipated Dr. Koch in the theory of pulmonary tuberculosis by inoculation, and the claim is supported by the fact that in 1880 he published results of his investigations, which it was subsequently shown, were on the same line as those on which Dr. Koch's lymph was afterward produced.

William L. Babbitt, one of the wealthiest lumbermen of the Mississippi Valley, has just discovered his mother, from whom he was mysteriously separated thirty-five years ago. His parents were wealthy residents of Chicago. They parted for some reason, and the boy, when five years old, was sent to his father and hidden in Missouri. Last week Babbitt was in Niles, Mich., told the story of his life to a friend, and then returned to his home, where he is now living in Cuyahoga Falls. They are now living in Crawfordsville, Ind. Mrs. Babbitt is a cousin of ex-President General William S. Bland.

Michael Davitt, the Irish leader, who is now in this country en route from Australia to England, gives to the Philadelphia Inquirer this estimate of Lord Salisbury: "I believe that Salisbury is a man of great ability, but that he is a man of great ambition, and that he is a man of great power. He is a man of great power, and he is a man of great ambition, and he is a man of great ability."

It is remarked in Washington that Sir Julian Pauncefote, the British Ambassador, has been seriously disappointed in his visit to the United States. He came here to see the President, and to see the Vice-President, and to see the Secretary of State, and to see the Attorney General, and to see the Chief Justice, and to see the Speaker of the House, and to see the President of the Senate, and to see the President of the Supreme Court, and to see the President of the United States.

The memory of the late Austin Blair, Michigan's famous war Governor, is to be honored by the erection of a \$10,000 statue in the city of Detroit. The contract for the work has just been awarded to Sculptor Potter, of Randolph, Mass.

Where the Shoe Pinches. [Chicago Tribune.]

All this clamor about disciplining General Miles for talking about our coast defenses would be well avoided if General Miles had not told the truth about them.

Sticking to the Wire. [Chicago Dispatch.]

If the worst comes we believe General Campos will be found fighting bravely to the last in the Havana telegraph office.

Now the Streets Are Bare. [New Haven Palladium.]

The cold, chilly winds of December have blown the bloomers from the streets of New Haven.

Times for Unanimity. [Philadelphia Ledger.]

Under certain circumstances, when a man shouts "Hooray" the whole American people rise up and answer "Here!"

A Word to the Wise Is Sufficient.

Have you secured your Journal for next Sunday?

We do not wish to appear to reiterate this warning too often, but at the same time there are still many who have disregarded our advice in the past, and, therefore, failed to procure the greatest Sunday paper ever published in New York or any other city.

For the last four weeks the paper has been sold early in the morning every Sunday, and the number of people calling at the main office seeking Sunday Journals has necessitated the running off of a second edition, which entails delay and is unsatisfactory both to the paper and its patrons, besides which it does not serve subscribers residing at a distance.

All this can be avoided by giving your order to your newsdealer early. He will turn your order into the main office. Sufficient papers will be printed to supply the demand, and growing demand for the great Sunday Journal.

This Sunday the paper has more than the usual amount of interesting features, together with a splendid cut-out supplement, printed in many colors, and a sheet of music, folio size, much larger than last Sunday's, with a lithographed cover, and all for the moderate sum of THREE CENTS, half of what you pay for any other paper in New York, while at the same time you obtain a paper containing more interesting matter, better pictures, and, in fact, a paper superior in every way to any other Sunday paper published on earth.

The difference between FIVE CENTS and THREE CENTS does not seem a very great deal, but a penny saved is two pennies earned. Two pennies saved means almost a nickel. This you will readily understand if you are of a financial mind.

Here are some of the many features: Everybody has been talking of the great Burdett diamond robbery. If you want to learn the solution of the mystery which has been baffling the police and the public so long, read last Sunday's Journal.

You have often heard the famous song of "Walking on Dem Golden Streets." One of the woman reporters of the Journal had that experience in reality, and tells all about her singular sensations in next Sunday's paper.

The story of Mazeppa has always seemed merely a creation of the poet's fancy, but there is a girl in this country who has actually had Mazeppa's fearful experience, and her story will be found only in next Sunday's Journal.

Brains are queer things. Some people have them and some people have not. It has always been believed that although you may teach people things, you cannot enlarge the size of their intellect. This is a mistake, and one of the greatest scientists of modern times has proved the contrary by many remarkable experiments. If you wish to know how to become a Napoleon, a Caesar, or even an Oscar Hammerstein, read next Sunday's Journal, and the rest is easy.

For a long while Steve Brodie has been considered the Eighth Wonder of the world. His leap simultaneously from the Brooklyn Bridge and into fame has been the talk of three continents, but Steve Brodie's star has now faded into insignificance, and to-day he takes second place. His rival is from a most unexpected sphere of life. Beside his feats in the jumping line, Steve Brodie's leap from the Brooklyn Bridge is a mere cat hop. Read all about it in the Sunday Journal.

The fiendish cruelties of mankind have always been a source of wonder in this enlightened age; we think we are civilized, and yet at the same time men and women, or at least living beings in the form of men and women, will commit the most fiendish cruelties. Down in Cuba, where they are having a war of independence, one of the most horrible forms of torture has been devised, beside which all the horrors of the Inquisition pale into insignificance. Read of the devilish ingenuity of the Cuban insurgents in next Sunday's Journal.

The Past and the Present. How the millions of ten centuries ago surpassed the reckless extravagance of our modern moneyed men proved by a modern discovery. Exclusive in the Sunday Journal.

The latest news of the most extraordinary war on earth; the bloodthirsty tastes of the modern Parisians; how society girls and working girls change places for an hour, and some of the other extraordinary things taking place in these queer "End-of-the-Century" times.

What men will do for fame. The torture endured and the courage displayed by a modern athlete to gain supremacy in his line and obtain a championship.

Besides all this, all the well-known writers who have appeared in the past numbers will contribute to the Journal next Sunday.

The greatest paper published on earth. Only THREE CENTS.

Besides this, a beautiful ten-color cut-out supplement and a big four-page sheet of music.

You want be happy till you read it. Remember to order in advance.

The Jester.

Labor, Not Art. "Does she play on the piano?" "No. Works." Detroit Tribune.

Crushed. "I haven't lived with you twenty-five years without finding out your 'best'!" wretchedly exclaimed Mrs. Rangle. "I know a million reasons why I'd hate to be you and only one why I'd like to be like you!"

"What is the one reason, madam?" fiercely demanded Mr. Rangle. "Because you've got a good wife!" she screamed. Chicago Tribune.

Woman's Reason. "Why have you dressed your hair so high, Maud?" "I can take my hat off at the theatre." Detroit Free Press.

Apostle of Parity. Crummer—That is the poet, Latherbrush. He is good at circumscribing purity. Gillespie—Indeed I don't remember seeing any of his work.

Friend—I see you have a broad band of craps on your hat. For whom do you wear it? Mr. Shabby Gentle—On account of the mournful condition of the hat itself. Tid Bits.

Needless Haughtiness. "We want print any such stuff as that," said the editor, loftily as he handed back the manuscript.

"Well, you needn't be so haughty about it," retorted the irregular contributor; "you're not the only one who would print it!" Pearson's Weekly.

Justly Indignant. Mrs. Norvo Reesh—She called me a barmaid, and I flew at her and pulled her hair.

Mrs. Toiletry—Oh, how terrible! Still even that didn't justify you in fighting her. Mrs. Norvo Reesh—Yes, but if you had ever seen her, you would understand how mad it made me. Pick-Me-Up.

THROUGH WOMAN'S GLASSES.

Among the Fifth avenue arks there are various degrees of respectability. One of them is a little worse than any of the others. It is all frayed out on the edges, its steps are rickety, its paint is nearly gone, it wobbles a little worse than any of the others as it groans along its way up the avenue, all its joints seem splintered apart, and the driver completes the picture of desolation and decay. The driver wears an ancient, long-tailed, rusty coat, a seamed face and a patriarchal beard. He is a complete answer to the question in the colored camp meeting refrain, "Noah! Noah! What's dat Noah?"

But all of the drivers are not Noahs, though all the arks may be old. One of these rusty Jehus is a fresh-faced youth with a warm heart and a mastery of circumstances.

I was walking down Fifth avenue the other day reflecting on the sharp contrasts in social conditions that had already been about in the land of the free, and other deep objects, for it was one of the days when an American heiress was taking to herself some foreign noblemen, and the avenue was gay with carriages, landaus, prancing horses, bridal party, pretty gowns and wedding guests. Suddenly a deep rumble awoke me from my reverie, and in and out among the holiday procession rolled one of the Fifth avenue stages. High up on the driver's seat sat the driver, of course, my fresh-faced youth. Beside him was his "girl," a pretty girl, and the driver—was "driving with one hand!"

Think of it. A bucolic like that in a city street! The tall brownstons melted away into overhanging trees, the Belgian blocks faded into soft earth, the city roar to winds and brooks, a country road stretched away through a green landscape, the breath of grasses and wild blackberry blossoms was in my nostrils, and the driver—was "driving with one hand!"

She lives on the outskirts of a little country town, a town so quiet that you can hear the leaves stir and the snowflakes fall on the farmhouse roof. She is a farmer's daughter, brought up from earliest youth in the fear of the Lord and the Methodist Church. This farmer's daughter came down to the city a few days ago, for the first time in a year or two, and, after the shopping and the "grands" were duly performed, she treated herself to a little recreation, as she had made up her mind to do before she left the farm, and what do you suppose she selected? Yvette Guilbert, at Hammerstein's Music Hall.

"I know," she said, when she had returned to the little hamlet that holds her home, and was telling her mother-in-law all about it, "I know that sounds wicked, and I shant tell Lucius a word about it, but it seemed to me I had just got so steeped in prayer meetings and praise meetings and Bible classes, in goodness and in stillness, that I just had to 'let out.' She wasn't half as bad as I thought she'd be, anyhow."

How far, how very far away the disciples can depart from the teachings of their master!

We read, day by day, of the slaughter and carnage, the horrors in the difficulties between the Mohammedans and Christians in Turkey, until, to the Western mind, Mohammedanism is but a synonyme for bloodshed, a Mohammedan a turbaned Turk with uplifted scimitar. Yet these are the words of Mahomet, the prophet of Allah. "If I had but two loaves of bread, I would sell one of them and buy white hyacinths to feed my soul."

Can anything be gentler, purer, more uplifting?

WHAT THE PEOPLE SAY.

Police Force Examinations. Editor Journal:

Dear Sir—Will you please let me know through the correspondents' column of your daily paper when and where the next examination of applicants for the police force will be held in New York City, and oblige a constant reader? New York, Dec. 30, 1895. P. M. B. The Civil Service Commissioners, whom you call it is in the City Hall, can furnish you with full information on this subject.

A Question of Weight.

Editor Journal: Dear Sir—I am a young woman twenty-seven years of age, am 5 feet 2 inches tall and weigh 175 pounds. I would like to reduce my weight to about 140 pounds. Would you please print a remedy that is harmless and, if possible, in pill form? I cannot take pills, and I am not so fat as I look. I am a constant reader of your paper, and I am greatly interested in it. Respectfully, HELEN E. New York, Jan. 1, 1896.

I send you that 175 pounds is about the right weight for a young woman of your height, but if you are really anxious to become slender, go to the gymnasium, and take gymnastics and acrobatic poses and drink as little as possible at your meals.

Where Dr. Parkhurst Preaches. Editor Journal:

Dear Sir—Will you kindly inform me in what church Rev. C. H. Parkhurst preaches, and mention the location of the church? New York, Jan. 2, 1896.

Dr. Parkhurst preaches in the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, at the corner of Twenty-fourth street and Madison square.

Mr. Aldrich as Laureate. Editor Journal:

Dear Sir—Thomas Bailey Aldrich is my choice for American Laureate. What do you think of him? A. E. C. Jan. 2, 1896.

Mr. Aldrich is certainly entitled to the highest degree of consideration as a poet, and there was such a thing as an American Laureate, he would certainly be a strong claimant for the office.

Swinburne and the Laureateship. Editor Journal:

Dear Sir—It has always seemed to me that Swinburne was the man for the post of Post Laureate. Can you tell me why he did not receive the appointment? and greatly obliged. New York, Jan. 2, 1896.

Mr. Swinburne has an unfortunate habit of treating serious truths which are of great importance to the world as if they were a joke. He is a poet, and he is a man of great talent, but he is a man of great vanity, and he is a man of great ambition, and he is a man of great power.

A Newspaper for the Intelligent. Editor Journal:

Permit me to express my sincere thanks to the Journal for the excellent article which appeared in your issue of December 30, 1895, captioned, "Literary Shop Talk." It is a paper that has long been felt by the readers of the Journal, and it is a paper that is much needed in the high-priced journals one can always find book reviews and literary news, but a